

Lets's Dance

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Summary: This is a little song fic I have been playing with. It's based on David Bowie's song Let's Dance, I actually came up with this idea last fall before dear David Bowie's passing! I used to hear the song play on the PA on a loop at work for twice a day for 6 weeks. Anyways I hope you enjoy, positive reinforcement encouraged, if you so desire to leave a review. Thanks!

1. Chapter 1

** Sarah lying on her bed, flat on her stomach with her feet in the air, in her typical studying position. The bedside cassette radio played the top 40 hits at a lower volume as she studied. Sarah's parents never could understand her need to listen to the radio while she studied. It was more or less white noise to drown out the other occupants in the house. The sounds of the evening news on the living room television that her dad watched after work, drifted up. While Karen, her stepmother, prepared supper and the pots and pans clanged from time to time. Little brother Toby liked to run down the hall, with this little feet thundering as he played with his action figure super heros. He would make whooshing noises with his wee voice as he ran. Usually Sarah thought he was so cute but hearing the constant pounding on the floor grated on her nerves this evening, as she was studying for her final senior exams. High school graduation was just around the corner and she needed top marks to qualify for a scholarship. The noise of the house was distracting her. Her mind began to wander. Distant memory of a vivid dream that she once had drifted into her head. Masked men and women swirled around in dance and merriment. Sounds of laughter and music replayed in her mind. Just as she began to recall a certain male voice and the touch of a strong hand on her waist, another bout of Toby's pounding feet interrupted her soon forgotten daydream. She groaned a big sigh and face planted into her chemistry book. **_*I need a break! Maybe some cookies and milk will help? *_

** Sarah made her way down to the kitchen. There Karen was preparing spaghetti. She tsked at Sarah as she helped herself to a few cookies.

"Sarah! Dinner's almost done, and if Toby sees you with cookies he'll throw a fit till he gets one. He barely eats half of his dinner anyway." **_*Well if you didn't cook everything out of a box, the kid might actually want to eat. **_*Karen was not an apt cook. She was too busy with work and social activities that she and Sarah's father often attended. Just like most big sisters, she watched Toby and if Sarah wasn't studying she would crack open the cook book that Karen and her dad received as a wedding present. The young woman wasn't a bad cook, she began to develop a flare for sauces. She had no problem with Toby cleaning his plate, in fact he often asked for seconds. **

** As if they were speaking of the Devil himself, the little four year old boy came around the corner. Sarah quickly dashed the cookies behind her back in hopes of hindering the possible series of badgering. Toby, like most small children, was like a bloodhound when it came to cookies. He saw the glass of milk in Sarah's hand and instantly knew the association between the fluid and the sweet treat!**

*** Can I have a cookie?"**

Karen shot Sarah an annoyed glare of 'I told you so!'

** "No baby, dinner is almost ready."**

** "But I want a cookie!" **

In seconds the stand off of wills between mother and child began to ensue. Sarah could see Karen's look begin to darken as her patience was already running thin. Toby had a fearless resolve when it came to what he wanted and didn't think of the circumstances for his stubbornness. Sarah often mused that the stubbornness must have run in the family. Sarah quickly produced her hidden cookies and handed one to Toby.

** "Here, you can have one of mine!" **

**Toby snatched it and ran off. Sarah diffused the bomb that was the making of a terrible tantrum. **

** "Sarah!"**

** "What?"**

** "Why did you give him one? You know I didn't want him to have one!"**

** "He was about to throw a fit! What's one little cookie going to do?"**

** "It's the point of the matter! He's got to learn that he can't get everything he wants! Also I don't appreciate how you undermine my authority."**

Sarah was beginning to get flustered. The stress of her studying and now Karen getting on her case about Toby had fueled her close to the surface temper. Karen kept on....

** "I am his mother after all!"**

Well if you were home more often then maybe he go to you more!

That did it, Karen's temper was inflamed.

**How dare you! Go to your room, forget about dinner!" Karen seethed as she pointed to the stairwell. **

**Fine."Sarah huffed. **

She pounded up the stairs up to her room and slammed the door. After flopping on her bed, she cold hear her dad's voice ask Karen what had happened. She could hear Karen's excited voice in reply. Soon she heard a knock on her door. "Go away!" Sarah yelled. "Sarah," it was her dad, "what you said was too far, you need to apologize to your mother."

Stepmother!" she yelled.

Well you need to apologize and you're grounded.

That got the girl's attention. She bolted from her bed and ran to the door. Swinging it open to find both Karen and her dad stood on the other side. "What about prom? That's coming up this Saturday!" Karen's eyes narrowed in delight, she now knew she had Sarah in a corner and now she's going to pay for being a brat to her. "No prom!"

What?!

You heard me! Perhaps this will teach you a thing or two about respect especially in this house!"

**Dad!" Sarah whined as she looked to her father. **

Karen's right, you went too far, you have been very disrespectful lately."

Disrespectful? How? I just told the truth! You guys are never home and you force me to babysit all the time!"

Well if you have plans, just tell us!"

***I did have plans to go to prom, and now I cant go, so thanks a lot!" Sarah was steaming mad now and shut the door on the two adults. She ran to her bed and screamed into her pillow her frustrations! All the high emotions and stress fueled the tears to fall. Exhaustion sank into her body as she began to fall asleep. With tears still weeping from her closed lids, she made one conscious thought out loud, "I wish I wasn't here right now..."**

Half asleep she heard in her ear a familliar deep voice, "Where do you want to be?"

Sleepily Sarah replied, "Dancing..."

** (A/N) **

**Hi y'all! Here's my disclaimer, I dont own any of these characters,

I just play with them like mental dollies! This is kind of a song fic, for David Bowie's Lets's Dance. I dont think that this is going to be too long, well see!**

Also If anyone is interested I could use a beta please!

Thanks FFM

2. Chapter 2

** She was there again. The same masked people with their emellished and distored faces. Laughter and ruckus squeels blended with music. Although this time the music was different, way different. It was very upbeat and familliar...**_**Is that Love Shack by the B-52s? **_**Sarah asked herself. **

** The dancers shimmied and moved to the beat of the popular song. Sarah herself began to move to the tempo. The joy that emanated from the crowd was infectious. She grabbed hold of her skirts and realized that she was wearing her prom dress. She and Karen had picked it out together the week before. It was one of the few shopping trips that the woman and the girl actually got along. It was red with a sweetheart neckline and rouched puffy sleeves at the shoulders. The skirt flared from the waist and went to her knees. Matching red kitten heels adorned her petite white feet. She felt a little out of place as she noticed how everyone else was still in their familliar Renaissance garb. No one really seemed to notice. It was just a big dance party and the crowd was hopping. Pushing insecurites aside she began to dance with everyone else. **

** "Love Shack, baby Love Shack!**

Love Shack, baby Love Shack!

Love Shack, baby Love Shack!

Love Shack, baby Love Shack!"

** The final notes of the upbeat song reverberated throughout the room. Instantly the tone of a piano began to play at slower tempo. The tune was yet again another familliar song. One she had heard many times play on her radio. This time she recognized it as Richard Marx "Right Here Waiting". As if on cue the unseen light source dimmed. Small glimmers of light sprinkled and swirled across the dancers and floor. She felt someone grab her hand. She turned towards her detainer and came face to face with a masked man. **

** "Would you give me the honor to share this dance with me?" He asked behind a bronze mask with long straight horns. It gave him a slight menacing look, but the eyes stared at her expectantly. Although behind the mask they were familliar and mesmerizing. They shone as a cool blue in contrast to the bronze and that emphasized the dialated pupil of one eye. Speechless and captivated, Sarah nodded her consent. The man relinquished his mask and revealed his true identity. Sarah instantly knew who her partner was, she felt transfixed as they stared into each other's eyes. They began to move in unison as song continued. **

** The young woman was held spellbound in his firm and gentle lead.

They turned and glided around the other couples to an empty space. The swirling glimmers of light began to change color and would periodically light up their faces, but their gazes into each other's eyes would not be broken. **

** "Wherever you go, **

** Whatever you do, **

** I will be right here waiting for you, **

** Whatever it takes, **

** Or how my heart breakes, **

** I will be right here waiting for you...""**

** His hand slid from her waist to the small of her back to bring her closer to him. A few scant inches separated their bodies and the distance was closing slowly as the couple twirled. Just as their faces were a hair's breath apart a loud jarring noise reverberated throughout the place. Cries of startlement erupted from the crowd. Another jarring noise pierced the air. Realization crept back into Sarah's mind. **_*What am I doing? Oh no, not with HIM!*_*

** Panic filled her mind as she succumbed to the instinct to flee. Another booming noise cued her to push away from her dance partner. The look of disappointment and longing crossed his face as he felt her leave his grasp. He wanted to hold onto her forever, but he knew he had to let her go. Although he had great influence, he had very little power here. **

** The girl whirled and tried to flee. Her legs felt heavy as if they were bound. The noise filled her ears again. Sarah still tried to run, her lower limbs moved slowly as her surrounding began to blur together.**

** Sarah jolted awake and realized that her alarm clock was going off. The urge to run stayed with her for a meer two seconds after cognition returned. Her blankets were wrapped around her feet, binding them together and hindering her movement. The urgency to stop the blaring alarm had her arms flailing to quiet the offensive sound and pressed the off button. Eventhough the alarm was off, her bedside cassette radio was still playing. She supposed she never turned it off last night, it was still playing the Richard Marx song. Sitting up and freeing her legs from their confinds, she sighed in relief.
**_* It was only a dream!*_*

**A/N: Another disclaimer, I don't own characters, I just play Labyrinth dollies in my mind!**

**No do I own any of the songs mentioned in this story, I just enjoy them and like to share them!**

**Today is my birthday and as a gift to myself and to you my fellow Labyrinth addicts I am submitting another chapter!**

_**I'm enjoying this process! Also thanks to my lovely reviewers Lylabeth 1 (cute screen name), you always give me nice and yet constructive criticism. I know my grammar and construction is rough,

and I try to work on it, so please bear with me! In lieu of that, anyone who'd like to jump in and beta for me, it would be greatly appreciated! **_

3. Chapter 3

**As Sarah prepared for her day she kept thinking about her realistic dream. Everything about it seemed so vivid. The sight of the dancers and their detailed splendor. The sound of the music was in perfect pitch and volume. The very feel of the satin of her dress and not to mention the softness of a gloved hand in hers. All of it resonated in her memory. It all seemed too real, but it was a dream, wasn't it? Sarah kept asking herself that all morning long. **

**She made her way down to the kitchen. Last night's grounding had forced her to skip supper and therefore she was ravenous this morning. She was helping herself to a second bowl of cereal when Karen and Toby came into the kitchen. The tension between the two women filled the air. Toby himself didn't know what was going on but he could sense that his mother and sister were not getting along again. Although he was only four, the boy was familiar with the spats that Karen and Sarah often got into. He didn't like to see his mommy and sister fight, it made him upset. Sometimes he wished that they would just be friends and everyone would be happy.
**

**Although Sarah looked like she was concentrating on her bowl of cereal, she was debating in her mind. The teenage girl was weighing the pros and cons of taking the high road and apologizing to Karen.
If I apologize perhaps they will let me go to the prom tomorrow night? ****Sarah was stubborn and very seldom apologized, especially to Karen. Eventhough she could be hard headed she did not lack the ability to reason.**

**Sarah cleared her throat in an attempt to gain Karen's attention.
**

**"Uh, Karen, what I said last night was inappropriate and I want to apologize to you. I went too far." **

**Karen straightened herself and stared at her stepdaughter. The older woman knew that Sarah was not one to apologize. What she also knew is that Sarah was cleaver. Instantly her mind went to the confines of the grounding to the young woman. She knew that Sarah really wanted to go to the dance. It was an all American tradition, a last right of passage to usher through towards adult hood.
**

**Inspite of all of their bickering Karen had genuine feeling of care for the obstinate teen. She wanted Sarah to have the same experiences as any child would have had. Despite the fact that Sarah appeared to be normal adolescent, Karen soon learned that Sarah was withdrawn and escaped into the world of fantasy and fought anyone who interrupted her. Karen didnt know how to be a mother in the beginning of her marriage with Sarah's father. Especially to a person who didn't wan't a mother to begin with. After Toby was born her mothering instincts kicked in but she also longed for her care free ways. Robert recognized the same pattern of behavior as exhibited by his previous wife. He liked active and vivacious women like Karen and Linda, and

so thus began to mollify Karen's desires to be in the social scene. He didn't want to end up alone with a small child again, just like Linda did so many years ago when she left both he and Sarah. So Sarah became the ever watchful big sister against her will. Therefore animosity grew between the two females and the battle of wills soon ensued. **

**Karen really wanted to stand her ground but knew that Sarah wouldn't ever let it go that Karen was the reason that she missed her prom. The blond headed woman knew she had to back down. Afterall soon Sarah would be leaving home and headed away to college. These battles would soon be over. **

"Very well, I accept your apology, and I will speak to your father."

**Light danced in Sarah's eyes. Both she and Karen knew that Robert would cave in. He couldn't stand the bickering between the two women either. **

**"Thank you Karen!" Sarah said elated. With that the teen deposited her morning dishes in the sink. **

"By the way Sarah, we need you to sit Toby tonight."

"Sure thing."

"You didn't have any plans tonight did you?"

**"Uh, no, not really, just studying, finals are coming up.

"In that case I will leave you some money and you can order pizza for you and Toby tonight and maybe rent a video for Toby, so you can study."

**"Thanks Karen, that would be great. " Sarah beamed. **

Realizing the time, Sarah ruffled the little boy's head, "You hear that Squirt? We're havin' pizza tonight!"

Toby's eyes lit up, "Yay! An' a movie too?"

"Yup!"

"Cool!"

"Oh I gotta get going, or I'm going to be late , see you later!"

"Bye Sarah.."

**All day long at school Sarah kept thinking about tomorrow's event and all that she had to do to prepare for it. All the senior's in her school were a buzz about it too! Girls huddled in groups and chittered about their dates and plans. Boys could also be seen clustering together and would be talking in hushed tones to their buddies Probably bragging about how that they might get lucky with their dates. Sarah mused to herself that she was glad she didn't have

to worry about some boy's objective in trying to fool around with her. Also the fact that no one asked her. She really had no interest in any of the boys at school, and never really associated with any. The young woman only had a few close girl friends, whom she had known throughout her school years. She was fine going dateless. She was going to go with her friends as a group and helped pitch in on a limo ride to the event. **

**Every so often her mind would drift to the memory of the dream. She wondered if the dance would be anything like the one in her dream. She did love to dance. She and Toby would turn up the radio and dance in the living room together, it was one of their favorite games. She never really had a true dance partner, a person to lead her on the dance floor and synchronize together with the music. Only in her dreams did that happen. Her mind drifted to her dream partner. She remembered the intensity in his eyes as he stared into hers. It was like he was telling her everything and saying nothing at the same time. **

***Sarah? Earth to Sarah!" she heard a voice penetrate her daydream.
**

**It was one of her friends, Lizzy, who was trying to get her attention. They had just started to walk to their next class.
**

**Sarah snapped out of her daze and addressed her friend. **

"Oh, uh, sorry, what were you saying?"

**"Hmm, who were you day dreaming about?" the red haired girl asked suspiciously. **

"What?"

"You know what I am talking about, haha, look at you blush! You were dreaming about somebody!"

**Sarah felt her heart pound and a blush creap up from her neck.
**

"Who is he?" the girl inquired. "Is it John from math class? I see him checking you out sometimes..."

**Sarah was a little taken aback from the suggested match.
**

"Eww, nooo!"

**Lizzy was grinning from ear to ear, truely enjoying seeing stoic Sarah be uncomfortable about a boy. **

**Sarah became instantly being annoyed about the mere thought of her and some boy from school together. **

"Then who?" Lizzy bounced. Then a thought crossed her mind and reflected in her face. "Wait, you wern't day dreaming about one of your characteres from one of your books were you?"

**"Really Lizzy, you're beginning to sound like my

stepmom!"**

***Well then, who is he?"**

**Sarah was a loss for words, how could she explain that one of the characters from one of her books was an actual real person. **

**The warning bell rang and Sarah inwardly sighed with relief,
**_Saved by the bell!*_

***Uh, bye Lizzy, gotta go!", and began to walk into a classroom.
**

***"Hey, you're not off the hook! I'll catch you later and weasle it out of you eventually!" Lizzy stated as she continued down the hall.
**

**Later that evening Sarah was up in her room again studying. Toby had already had the promised pizza, watched the latest kids movie and tucked into bed, all before 8:30. Sarah was enjoying the quiet, which seldom happened in a house full of people. The bedroom window was cracked to let in the warm spring air. She could hear the crickets sing their nightly lullaby. It was oh so relaxing. She felt her eyes begin to grow heavy and the words in her text book began to blur. She tried to shake her head to wake up and focus a little longer on her studies but it soon became an action in vain. Eventually her head found a resting spot on her arm and was soon sound asleep.
**

**Somehow Sarah found herself in a familliar hedge maze. The sky was dark and she realized she was in some sort of court yard among the tall walls of foliage. Lit candelabras lined the edge of the space, casting a soft glow against a star splattered sky. Looking down she realized that she was wearing a pastel peach colored gauzy shift like dress that floated on her figure and flowed to her ankles. Her feet were clad in silver strapped low heel sandals, that were suprisingly comfortable. **

**Instrumental music began to play. Again it was a song Sarah was familliar with, but she couldn't place it. It was slow and soft as violins accompanied a piano. Soon Sarah realized it was Nat King Cole's Unforgetable. The slow rhymic tempo coursed with her as she began to sway to the beat and closed her eyes. She felt a hand grab hers and when she opened her eyes she was face to face with the Goblin King. He said nothing, just looking at her with his ever intense gaze. He placed his other hand on her waist and slowly began to guide her around the courtyard. The light from the candelabras made his wild mane glow like a halo around his face. He almost looked angelic, save for his upswept brows and highlighted eyes. As they moved the light played shadows here and there across their faces. The song seemed to go on forever as they moved as one. Slowly their bodies moved closer. Sarah could feel her heart race in her chest. He nuzzled into her hair, breathing in the aroma of it. In the closeness Sarah inhaled his mysterious scent, it was unlike anything she smelled before, wild and magical. She felt a soft kiss where her shoulder and neck met, sending a tingling sensation up her spine. She closed her eyes in bliss and anticipation for more contact to her skin. When she opened them again he was staring into her jade green eyes with his cool blue ones. His hands slid up her arms to the sides of her face. Sarah's heart began to skip beats as he leaned

in.**

**BOOM! BOOM! BOOM! **

***"Sarah! Wake up! I want pancakes!" A little boy's voice chimed, shattering the remnants of her dream. The girl groaned into her pillow, "Toby! What time is it?"**

The little boy shrugged, "I dont know, I cant tell time! Sarah, can we plleeeaaaasssseee make pancakes?"

End
file.